

The history

break the pate on thee, I am a very villaine, come and be hangd,
hast no faith in thee?

Enter Gadshill.

Gadshill. Good morrow Cariers, whats a clocke?

Car. I thinke it be two a clocke.

Gad. I prethe lend me thy lanterne, to see my gelding in the
stable.

1 Car. Nay by God soft, I knowe a tricke worth two of that
I faith.

Gad. I pray thee lend me thine.

2 Car. I when canst tell lend me thy lanterne (quoth he) mar-
ry ile see thee hangd first.

Gad. Sirrha Carrier, what time doe you meane to come to
London?

2 Car. Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant
thee, come neighbour Mugs, wee call vp the Gentlemen,
they will along with company, for they haue greatcharge.

Enter Chamberlaine.

Exeunt.

Gad. What ho: Chamberlaine.

Cham. At hand quoth pickepurse.

Gad. Thats euen as faire as at hand quoth the Chamberlaine:
for thou variest no more from picking of purses, then giuing di-
rection doth from labouring: thou laiest the plot how.

Cham. Good morrow maister Gadshill, it holdes currant that
I tolde you yesternight, ther's a Frankelin in the wilde of Kent
hath brought three hundred Markes with him in golde, I heard
him tell it to one of his company last night at supper, a kinde of
Auditor, one that hath abundance of charge too, God knowes
what, they are vp already, and cal for Egges and butter, they will
away presently.

Gad. Sirrha, if they meere not with Saint Nicholas clearkes,
ile giue thee this necke.

Cham. No, ile none of it, I pray thee keepe that for the hang-
man, for I know thou worshippst Saint Nicholas, as trulie as
a man offalshood may.

Ga. What talkest thou to me of the hāgman? if I hang, ile make
a fat paire of Gallowes: for if I hang, olde sir Iohn hangs with
me, and thou knowest hee is no starueling: tut, there are other

Troians

of Henrie the fourth.

Troians that thou dreamst not of, the which for sport sake are
content to do the profession, some grace, that would (if matters
should be lookt into) for their owne credit sake make all whole.
I am ioyned with no footland rakers, no long-staffe sixpennie
strickers, none of these mad mustachio purplehewd maltworms,
but with nobilitie, and tranquillitie, Burgomasters and great
Oneyres, such as can hold in such as wil strike sooner then speak,
and speake sooner then drinke, and drinke sooner then pray, and
yet (zoundes) I lie, for they pray continuallie to their Saint the
Common-wealth, or rather not pray to her, but pray on her, for
they ride vp and downe on her, and make her their bootes.

Cham. What, the Common-wealth their bootes? will shee
hold out water in foule way?

Gad. She will, she will, Iustice hath liquord her: we steale as
in a Castell cocksure: wee haue the receyte of Fernelseede, wee
walke inuisible.

Cham. Nay by my fayth, I thinke you are more beholding to
the night then to Fernelseede, for your walking inuisible.

Gad. Giue mee thy hand, thou shalt haue a share in our pur-
chase as I am a true man.

Cham. Nay rather let me haue it, as you are a false theefe.

Gad. Go to, *homo* is a common name to al men: bid the Ostler
bring my gelding out of the stable, farewel you muddy knaue.

Enter Prince, Poynes, and Piero &c.

Po. Come shelter, shelter, I haue remoude Falstalfes horse,
and he frets like a gund Veluet.

Prim. Stand close. *Enter Falstaffe.*

Falst. Poynes, Poynes, and be hangd Poynes.

Prim. Peace ye fat-kidneyd rascal, what a brawling dost thou
keepe?

Falst. Wheres Poynes Hall?

Prim. He is walkt vp to the top of the hill, Ile go seeke him.

Falst. I am accurst to rob in that theeues companie the rascal
hath remoued my horse, and tied him I knowe not where, if I
trauell but foure foote by the squire further a foote, I shall breake
my winde. Well, I doubt not but to die a faire death for all
this, if I scape hanging for killing that rogue. I haue forsworne
his companie hourly any time this xxii. yeares, and yet I am be-

C.iii.

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